

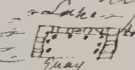
Geneva, (Switz.) 11th. 1850 Sunday.

My eyes are much better, ~~dearest~~ dear, indeed almost well again, as you may see from the place whence my letter is dated. And, had enough. I am you may be sure, to get my pen in hand again - It has been a great disappointment to me to find my journal up for so long a time, and I am afraid I shall lose the record of many things, for it took so long to dictate them, & Dr. Gray did not have time enough to write them; and now that we have begun to travel again, it will be as much as I can do for the present to keep up the daily record. - But before I bring you to Chamouni, I must give some account of our stay at Geneva - The last letter was closed on Saturday, Aug. 3rd. That day we drove up by the shore of the lake to call on Mr. Tomisier, a friend of Dr. Gray's. From this northern shore there is a beautiful view of Mount Blanc, & we were fortunate in seeing it finally - They say Mount Blanc is not seen ^{well} more than 60 or 70 times in a year, it is so often veiled in clouds. - But we were fortunate during the week of our stay in seeing it some 4 or 5 times, though but one day full day - There are some beautiful residences, all on the shore of the lake most charming ^{situations}; & Dr. Scandolle says that many English come here to live - never taking to them the place that Bourgen was formerly - He did not find the gentleman at home, so we took our way back again - Mount Blanc had lost its lovely rose colour, & had turned a rather sort of white in the fading light - Sunday morning we went to English service in a chapel attached to the Hospital. - Geneva is situated down at the southwestern corner of Lake Lemman, on the lake of Geneva, just where the Rhone issues, & where of course, it is very narrow; the old part of the town is on the South-western side; part of the town on the shore, where live the poorer inhabitants & where are all the shops, &c. - The town ^{and} ~~rather~~ ^{is} built on the sides of a very steep hill, so that I assure you it is no easy matter to climb up - And the hill is so sudden, that a house with 3 stories in front may have 6 behind - The upper is the aristocratic part of the town, & there are some fine houses here. But the streets are very narrow, & so dirty, & smelling so! My keen scent had seen anything but a heaven in coming through Germany & Switzerland - such dirt we have an idea of! - And they seem in Geneva to take particular

beght in all sorts of little narrow lanes, often leading a long way under the houses, emerging occasionally into day-light, & then diving in again, so that you may almost go the whole length of the city, from the quay nearly up to the upper wall without going through an open street. And Dr. Jay has a particular fancy for exploring these lanes & alleys, & making short cuts through them - The streets are all paved with small stones, & rarely does one see a side-walk on the continent; I have not seen more than 3 or 4 since I left England, & they only a foot or two wide - The main street at Lausanne is an honorable exception - It knocks one's feet dreadfully - I don't wonder foreigners remark on our ladies walking out in their shoes - In England you are too much exposed to frequent showers, & it is often damp - I never ventured, after a few experiences in that uncertain climate, to ~~venture~~ ^{go out} in them boots, if I were to be out more than an hour or two - I mean what we call common spring & fall boots - I always wore ^{thick} double soles, unless at were very clear - And in the Continental cities unless you are protected by thick shoes, you are quite lame with continual walking on these disagreeable pavements - I had made a pair of thick boots, with ^{the} Miss Jackson's three rows of little nails round them, for mountain ascents & to walk over pavements - And as we are quite beyond the region of carpets, & have always wooden floors, I sound like anything but a "light, elastic step" - One can soon see why the common people cling to wooden shoes -

Geneva is connected with the opposite shore by three bridges across the lake where the Rhone flows out - The first next the lake is quite handsome & has a little side-branch to a little island where they give concerts, & which is called, ^{St.} J. Rousseau - And on the quay opposite the end was our hotel - ~~Hotel des Bergues~~ ^{The great bridge covered with houses & shops,} & beyond is an island, ^{bridges on each side} connecting it with the main land - The city has extended a good deal on the side where the hotel is, & the streets are much wider, & there is a fine range of stores on the quay, & I am happy to say a side walk - The old city is walled, but outside the walls runs a fine broad street with shops, nearly round the town - And many of the grand old mansions having their backs built on the wall, just quite strongly from this street - I became very familiar with Geneva, for when Dr. Jay

went in the morning to M. Decandolle's to work in the herb. I accompanied him returning alone - And generally had some little shopping to do, or to get a roll or some fruit for luncheon; for we breakfasted between 8 & 9, & dined at 5 at the Table d'Hôte.

Sunday Ev. Dr. Jay thought a good walk would be beneficial, so we emerged through the city gate & followed the course of the Rhone to its junction with the Arve, which is said to be very singular, for the Rhone is beautifully clear & blue, & the Arve very thick & muddy; the Rhone coming first through a long valley & then through the lake is quite mild; the Arve coming direct from the glaciers of Mount Balane very cold - They say the line where they join is very striking marked for some distance, but the muddy colour triumphs at last; & that good swimmers sometimes make the experiment of swimming just there, keeping one half the body in very cold water & the other ^{in the} warm - But ^{it} is dangerous, for both currents are strong & swift, & the rivers quite large - In the beautiful colour of the Lake of Geneva & the Rhone! - There is no describing it - It is neither green nor blue, but between the two - something like Niagara only blue - And so very clear & sparkling - It was beautiful to stand & see it rush under the bridge - They had the fashion there of washing in the lake - the wash-houses were a sort of boat, with a roof & open sides, moored to the quay - The washer-women stood on three sides, with a sort of open trough before them, through which rushed the water all the time - A slanting board reached down across the trough in front of each woman, & on these the clothes were washed & rubbed; & to rinse them they needed only to be hung over a bar just over the water in the trough ^{in the}  There does that give you some idea? - The dots are the women, the boards in front of them over the trough, ~~but~~ & the bars were just below - When I saw how they banged & scrubbed I thought I should prefer not to know what my own linen was undergoing it, but it seemed to be quite only coarse clothes that were washed so - It was a curious sight & quite amusing to me - - - But to get back to our walk! - It

was farther than we thought, & by the time we got there too dark
to see any difference of colour, only the two swiftly running
rivers - But think of your delicate invalid dragging her heavy
knicks for 4 miles! - But I must confess I walked the last half
with more ease than the first, came home, went to bed, slept
most soundly, & awoke as bright as possible next morning -
After I got back next morning from my walk, a knock at the
door, & the waiter announced Mr. Boissier to see M. Gray - I
said "Dr. Gray est sorti" but Mr. Boissier walked in - You ask how
the French gets on, Charles. When I am taken suddenly & there
is no one to listen I get on quite comfortably, but if I get em-
barrassed & think there is anyone listening, I make horrid work,
particularly with the verbs, mixing tenses & persons in a manner
our most painful to hear - I find though, I almost always
understand what people say, & get on very easily with the
servants & shop-keepers, & in such cases where there is no long
conversation - Being taken so by surprise, & Dr. Gray having said
before that Boissier spoke no English, I fell to work in French at
once; he sat down, & we had a little talk, in which I was quite
charmed at myself for getting on so famously - He soon left ~~to go~~ & said
Dr. Gray & I was quite delighted with his appearance, tall & dark with
beard & moustache, but exceedingly gentlemanly & quietly easy in his
manner, & perfectly simple - Poor man he lost his wife a year ago in
Spain where they were travelling together - She had travelled a great deal
with him, particularly in the East; & her death was to him a terrible
blow from which he is still in deep affliction - Dr. Gray says in that
way he is much changed from the gay young man he met 10 years
ago - He has two young children - When Dr. Gray returned, he said that ^{Dr. Gray} ~~that~~ ^{he}
had invited us to go there to tea that same Monday ^{evening} & that he
had accepted - So after dinner we took a carriage & drove out - The
house is charmingly situated on the shore of the lake, the entrance is
from the road, & passing through the house on the opposite side is a
terrace close upon the water, & commanding a lovely view of the lake
& of Mt. Blanc - Mr. Boissier lives there with his father, & his wife's
death was a great loss to the father, for he is a widower, quite an old
man, & there is now no lady in the house - Madame. Decandolle told

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one that there was a named daughter, who passed part of the year with them - Mr. Denisier received us at the door, & we went out upon the terrace & sat for some time in the fading light his two children came - A nice boy about Pat's age, we talked to each other pretty much by smiles for I could not understand his French very readily or he mine, & a sweet little girl of 3 who soon ran away again - Afterwards his father came, he talked a little English, & by mixing Eng. & French we got on tolerably together. Then we were summoned to tea - such a pretty little Paris tea of which Dr. Gray says I will give a full account - Not forgetting but particularly mentioning the delicious little "zephyr cakes". So much I could put before your eyes the table, for it did not quite correspond with our ideas of tea - Everything was very nice though, & very handsomely & quietly served - The china was simple but with the ^{family} initials upon it, & the dishes with the tart & cakes upon them were silver - To take the dishes in the order they were served, promising that the table was set as for a little supper, with a large piece of bread by the side of each plate - First then was a tart about a foot (perhaps more) in diameter - The paste very thin, & little apertures cut in half & laid closely side all over it, & then most abundantly strewed with sugar & baked - I was exceedingly nice; & I quite admire these Paris tarts - meantime the servant brought the tea-pot & put it by the side of Mr. Denisier's file, & handed the cups in turn to him, which he filled, & then were then placed by the side of each person - Next to the tart ^{came} a large flan cake with almonds on it (a sort of index cake I should think) & baked in a handsome mould; it was handed round for each person to cut himself a slice; & then came the "zephyr cakes" as Dr. Gray calls them, which were exceedingly delicate & trifles I should think, baked in paper cases so delicate one must eat them with a spoon - Then our plates were changed, & we had some very nice strawberries - After tea I talked with Mr. Denisier, & we discussed the opera & singers & many kind, & concerts & I told him about things in America, & steamboats came in, & Americans whom he had met in Paris where he was formerly in the habit of passing his winters, it seems he knew Mr. Astor quite well, & some New York families - And he asked after Mrs. Astor, &c. &c. - By and bye he spoke of Madame d'Autecville - Mr. d'Autecville, it seems was a cousin of Mr. Denisier's wife.

I can't say they seemed particularly to admire the American side of the case. - Then routes were planned in Switzerland, & he told me what hotels to go to in certain places &c. &c. - He talked botany with Mr. Boissier's girls. And it few late & I could not catch this eye, & began to grow nervous. Especially as Mr. Boissier's pair had been telling us now he was up at 3 o'clk in the morning, & had made a long excursion on foot to some mountain from whence there is a fine view - Thinks I he wishes these Americans would go & let him go to bed - At last I got up & told Dr. Gray he must go - He walked back to Geneva, & as we did not leave until after 10 & had some or two to walk, we had to pay toll on entering the city gates. There is always toll if it is after 10 - But we had a very pleasant day -

I should have said before that Madame Maunoir called on Saturday aft. She was very pleasant, & I was delighted to see anyone who had ever seen Boston, & to whom English was mother tongue - On Sunday aft. Mr. Hall of Providence called while we were out - Dr. Gray went over to see him as soon as we got back, & Monday afternoon he came & made us a long call - He had seen Aunt Anna a fortnight before - Said they were charmingly situated at Florence. That Aunt Anna was very lame sick, & counting on returning next spring that they were all very well - That Mary called herself quite well & seemed so - Mr. Hall was on his way to Frankfurt through Switzerland -

Tuesday, Mr. Decandolle had planned an excursion to le petit Salève. Le grand & petit Salève are two mountains that rise over Geneva, apparently just beyond the wall, but in truth 3 miles off - We were to start & take up Madame Decandolle at the country place of her father where they pass the summer, then ride to a village on the side of the mountain, thence walk a mile or two to a little village still higher where we would see the view, have tea, & descend by a steep path to meet the carriage which would be sent round for us - So we dined early, & hastened after dinner to call on Madame Maunoir before Mr. Decandolle should come for us - Oh my pacinis: how hot! I got hiking up the steep hill just after dinner about 3 o'clock - He had a pleasant call, & Dr. Gray made a turn to the O.B. on our return, while I hurried back to

change my dress - Dr. Gray soon came in with a letter from Mrs. Ward, enclosing Jane's & Aggie's letters of July 18th & 19th. & Charles of the 15th - How good you all are for writing - Lizzie & Charles I must most particularly thank, for I did not expect they would write so often - How I devoured them! And how glad I was that Dr. Decandolle was a little late & I could have time to read them! - How much I think of you all! & long for the most minute particulars of each! & am sadly behindhand though in letters, & must work hard until I can get up again with my correspondents.

The weather had been looking threatening all day, & when Mr. Decandolle came it rained a little, still we concluded to go, hoping the shower would pass off - I must give you some idea of Mr. Decandolle. He is rather more formal in his manners than Mr. Boissier, & not I think quite so fascinating - But he is very polite & kind, & speaks English quite well - Indeed everyone treats me with the greatest kindness & attention - But I felt that to my husband's account I think, Lizzie, they consider him a good man - Mr. Decandolle looks more Swiss than Mr. Boissier & yet has something of a French air - I sometimes say to myself - "Jane! Jane! are you quite aware of the distinguished honours heaped upon you? - Parading arm in arm at the Chiswick (pronounced, very short, thick fete with Robert Brown, (on that account my husband considers it the greatest day of my life,) escorted by Sir Mrs. Hosker, attended to by Mr. Decandolle & Mr. Boissier, & associating so familiarly with so many distinguished men!" - But harder still is it sometimes to realize that I am among these scenes that one has dreamed, & ready, & fancied so long! That truly I have seen the Rhine, & Lake of Geneva, & Mont Blanc, & Chamonix! I sometimes think I shall wake & find it all a dream -

But I am far away from la Vallée, where we were driving to take in Madame Decandolle - It was a pleasant country place as far as I could judge from a hasty glimpse, as we drove up the house. We got out & were ushered through the saloon into a little open sort of verandah, with pots of flowers ranged around the pillars & climbing plants, & trees close by, & tables & chairs - It is very pretty, these little places one sees in German & Swiss villas so arranged - They have either vines or a roof over head, & are decorated with plants, besides careful cultivation close around, & they have a great deal of time, so in the open air, sewing, reading, &c. & taking tea &c. there - I am struck with seeing how much it

are in the air - going through town & villages you see the women in the shade of a house in all sorts of occupations, sewing, knitting, cleaning vegetables, &c. &c. In small places the men have a shady place under the tree, or some trained over a very open summer house, where the visitors take their coffee &c. & sit & smoke - The houses along the roads have almost always either a summer house on the wall, or a paved seat under a tree where they can sit & see the passers by, & in Geneva in many of the cafes an awning is spread out in front; it is walked round with plants in pots, oleanders, *Arbutus villosa*, orange trees &c. & in the enclosure tables & chairs, where the visitors sip their coffee & smoke - But now I get away from my story - Madame de Candolle was a bright looking, little woman quite stylish, with a keen, black eye which seemed to see everything; she spoke no English, & there was a tall, pretty looking daughter of some 16 or 17 who listened to my French, & I got frightened & fell into the most horrible confusion - Nouns, verbs, adverbs, genders, persons, tenses, were all in inextricable & painful ~~confusion~~ ^{in my mind} - I was glad when Madame took her bonnet to join us - The floor of the salon & hall were brightly waxed, & I assure you I had to be very cautious in my steps lest I should slip down - We set off in a shower, & had occasional showers as we ascended the hill - The gentlemen got out to walk, & Madame & I were left alone - I got on rather better with the French, & she said she could understand - One she soon began to talk about M. d'Hauterive, whose cousin it seems she is; & by the way she talked & the black eyes flashed, one could see how much excited they must all have been at the time - I thought it was but right to tell her what I thought - about it - And though she blamed M. d'Hauterive for having married after so short an engagement, she felt as if it were a very incomprehensible matter why Miss Sears married him at all - she told me some queer things I will tell you when I can talk, for it takes too long to write - she said the Hauterive estate was the finest in Switzerland; that the exterior of the house was not much, but that it was handsomely arranged inside, & the view was superb - And even Mearns's hand-book mentions the villa for its situation - M. d'Hauterive has no children by his present wife - Now asked if she had married again - How much a little good sense & forbearance would have done for both parties! - But by one or two little remarks I saw that the reputation of the American ladies had not been particularly raised by it - & though they acknowledged Madame de Candolle as an honorable exception - After awhile the hill grew too steep for the carriage so we got out to walk also - Soon

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 after as we ascended the mountain the storm became quite violent & we had a real blow & heavy rain - and were glad to reach the little village of ^(Monetier) ~~Monetier~~ where we could have a fire at the little inn & dry ourselves. It was quite picturesque in that little inn kitchen, with its quaint & fine place. So that we sat under the chimney round the little handful of stoves in the centre - I was soon dry, & we had a nice little tea, rather more rustic than M. Bouffier's - The gentlemen went out to get the view, but it rained so much that Madame & I staid still. - And afterwards went down the mountain, rain to our carriage, & rode back, with a rain all the way - They were very much disappointed in the weather, but I thought it very exciting & adventurous, & was surprised to find how wide I could walk - Of course we could not see the Alps & Mont Blanc - but the hills near, mountains we should call them, & the pretty valleys between looked all the more picturesque through the shifting clouds -

Tuesday, we had had another invitation to tea, from M. et Madame Choisy Liddet - Madame Choisy though of Swiss father, was born & bred in England, & they had invited to meet us some English ladies married in Geneva, so that English was quite the language that evening - We had another tea a la Suisse, only it began with boiled tongue & meat jelly, & instead of the last was ice-cream, &c. &c. We had a very pleasant time - I am gaining flesh so much that I think I must be growing quite young in appearance, from sundry remarks made to Dr. Gray & one.

Some of the mornings, that week were rather long (any few minutes I could see my eyes I had sundry little shendings to do, buttons would come off & things would wear & tear, but I did not like to use them any at once, & so I walked round & fussed over dressing & sometimes slept to pass away the long time, until Dr. Gray came back for dinner - Now I longed to have a little talk with you or Lizzy, me, & so keep up with my journal.

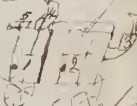
Thursday Ev. as we came in from a walk we were startled by the appearance of George Pastis in the entry. He said he was with Mr. Hoate & Mr. Bell - He went up with us to our room, & told us where they had been & we told him our course - He met them in the breakfast room next morning. You must know the ally, a

manger is a large hall with tables all round, where each party breakfast by themselves - If you have tea, tea-kettle, teapot, & caddy are brought, & you make tea yourself - If coffee, the coffee pot &c. Each party have their own equipage, & so does anyone who is alone - Bread, butter & honey, with either tea or coffee, is the regular breakfast, meat or eggs are an extra charge - Tea the same. As for dinner I must some time, I think, take a separate letter to describe me in all its length - But such delicious bread as we have had ever since we reached Etend through Belgium, Germany & Switzerland - It is most exceedingly nice, & I never get tired of it, rolls, loaves & all - English bread I do not like. It is too closely kneaded, too tough & hard, & too much flour - But this is so light & delicate & sweet & nice, & such a crisp, tempting crust! I wish I could learn the art -

Friday I went shopping with Dr. Gray - I have bought myself a pair of cap-pans - Having always to wear caps I thought I might indulge in something real, & as always hands me - So, dear papa, I threw away a little money, I bought a pair of gold with a garnet in each, set clear - Then I have bought a new bonnet ribbon - The ribbon of almost all the English & American travelling ladies, dark blue - Only mine was a straw cold ell - Do tell me are winter ribbons, dark blue, crimson, velvet trimmings &c, the fashion in the U. S. this summer? It quite shocks my ideas of good taste, yet I see them pretty worn, especially by the English ladies - They travel in such strange dresses & wear so much jewelry! - Coloured muslins seem to be their pet travelling dresses, with lace under-sleeves & old bracelets - They do wear flounces amazingly - What do you think of this travelling dress which I saw on one of the Rhine steamers - A light flounced blue muslin, with a white muslin, ruffled sack - A straw bonnet with dark spots over, & to match the spots a dark claret cold velvet cape to the bonnet, & face veil (embroidered in spots) of the same colour? - Yet it did not look quite so outre' as described, and for a fall bonnet would have been very pretty - But I see so generally worn what I should call fall & winter ribbons - If I see what seems a regular travelling dress, the lady is generally either French or American.

was very busy Friday packing & other ready for our excursion to Chamonia - We were to take only one travelling bag & not hand-bag, Ligne, which is quite invaluable, & makes me often think of you with thanks - Would you like some idea of expenses staying a long while as we have? We call a franc 20 cts. Our room which is on the first floor as they call it, having to go up one flight of stairs, (the story below being entirely devoted to the Salle à manger, dining-room, office &c) was, as we took it for the week, 4 francs a day, which is the regular price for a good room with two beds - There were quite out of the region of double beds, I never seen but one since I left England, & they are generally inferior rooms - This room had the beds in recesses by the entrance door, so that you could shut them off in the same with doors, & the rest of the room was furnished rather parlor fashion with a sofa, table, secretary, clock, bureau in one corner, arm-chairs, two small tables with bowls & pitchers - I am sure America had never travelled on the Continent - Such little table bowls & pitchers I never saw in America! - I was disappointed as regards washing apparatus in England - I expected something extraordinary, but found nothing more than I saw in hotels at home - And here it is evident that washing is a very insignificant thing - The beds too are singular contrabands - In an English bed-room the bed with its tall posts, heavy curtains, & gigantic size gives the impression that sleep is a grand & serious occupation to be carefully & seriously undertaken - In Belgium, more French, it is a light, pretty affair tempting me to indulge coarsely, but a doorway in a corner, only indulged in from absolute necessity, & one of those things one must perhaps have, but in as cursory a manner as possible - Such little, long, & narrow boxes! - Switzerland seemed a cross between French & German - But our room made a very good sitting-room - Breakfast 1/2 fr. ^{each} dinner at the 5 o'clock table 1/2 fr. each - Then tax-lights are 1/2 fr. each we were charged 4 fr. - And what I consider the unreasonable part of the bill, Service as it is called, 15 fr. - Instead of gratuities to the servants it is charged on the

bill & the regular charge is 1 fr. pr. day for each person - But when one stays 9 days that mounts up very fast - They charged us 10 fr. but reduced it to 15 - But 3.00 is pretty well for servants fees, is it not? - That is what I dislike so much in travelling abroad, everything must have a fee - And it quite takes off the pleasure of politeness, when you think a "bonne main" is expected for it -

Saturday morn. we took an early breakfast, found Mr. Choate & his party at the breakfast table, & walked over & took our places in the Diligence - Now I must tell you a little what a Diligence is.  There you see it is a great many vehicles in one - First is a sort of chariot - This is called the Coupe, & here are the best seats, having glass in front & at the sides, so that you can see in all weather - Behind is a carriage part, this in the Interieur, & rather dark - Up behind, is a seat for four, the top of which shuts back like a bellows top, this is the Cabriolet - Then behind the drivers seat is another seat for four with also a folding top, this is the Banquette, & 5 is the drivers seat - Sometimes instead of the Cabriolet is an omnibus behind & that is the Rotonde - But all these different parts are combined in even variety of way in different vehicles, except I believe that there is always a Coupe whatever else is left out or added - Our seats were in the Cabriolet, & it was something of a climb to get up I assure you - But it is a fine seat for the view in good weather! - My eyes had greatly improved under Dr. Mauson's applications which were an ointment within the lids at night, & frequent bathings with very hot water, from which I find very great relief, though at first it was very disagreeable; & on calling on him the evening before he had said that I might go, being provided with cold spectacles, veils, &c. So behold me at last fairly started - To my great joy - Mr. Choate & his party were travelling en grand, with a courier, and en voiture, that is to say with hired carriage - But I think though we may in some ways have more liberte, yet we are much more independent as we go, & can take any direction we choose, do as we please, & stay or go as we like - Perhaps we shall have to have a courier when we get where we cannot speak the language -